

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Achtung! Schpitfeuer!

THE STORY OF ONE MAN'S STRUGGLE

THE Supermarine Spitfire has played a more important role in this war than any other aircraft.

In all its modifications and diversities of design, it can be said to be the MOST outstanding and versatile fighter of the war.

It is rather curious to think that if a certain aircraft designer, whom some people thought a trifle eccentric, if admittedly brilliant, had not, after years of struggle with a disinterested Air Ministry, found the financial backing necessary to put his aircraft into production, the war might have ended in 1940—lost.

The story goes back to 1916:—

REGINALD JOSEPH MITCHELL was Chief Engineer to the firm of Kerr Stuart, locomotive builders. He was 21—but he had already decided that air-travel was his game.

He shifted to the newly formed Supermarine Company. In five years he was Chief Engineer. In the next four years young Mitchell had designed the Supermarine Walrus, the Supermarine Stranraer—and then the Supermarine S.4, which set up a new world record of 226 miles an hour.

The Spitfire had not yet been born—but Mitchell was accumulating valuable experience and understanding of airplane design such as few men before or since have possessed.

His Supermarine S.5 walked off with the Schneider Trophy, and later set up a new British record of 319 m.p.h.

But Mitchell was not satisfied. He set to work on the S.6, and then the S.6B, with which the Schneider Trophy was won outright in 1931, setting up a world record of 407.5 m.p.h.

This was the direct forerunner of the Spitfire. Despite discouragement, Mitchell designed a new machine, based on the experience gained in the Schneider races. It had a cranked wing with a high aspect ratio, fixed-pitch two-bladed propeller, and fixed undercarriage.

The first Spitfire was born. Mitchell hunted around and got private backing for his plane. The Air Ministry was in the painful process of changing from biplanes to monoplanes. It issued, somewhat doubtfully, a specification for an eight-gun fighter monoplane with one-and-three-quarter hours' range at full throttle.

Mitchell's design was accepted. The Spitfire went into limited production in 1937—21 years after young Mitchell had foreseen modern fighter developments.

Mitchell did not live to see his fighter become world-famous. Constant strain and overwork killed him. But not before he had achieved

his aim—a plane that was to save Great Britain by clawing down the Luftwaffe from the skies.

His plane had the lines and speed of a racer, perfect flying qualities, and was designed for the sheer limit in performance, manoeuvrability and fire-power. Its slick streamlining gave it an extra margin of speed which Mitchell utilised by giving the plane elliptical wings (thin, larger than normal, but attaining the best



PETER VINCENT
the Air Correspondent
tells the whole and
remarkable story
of the
SPITFIRE



distribution of lift and low-wing loading)—and the Luftwaffe was out-speeded, out-fought.

It was a story of a genius pitting himself against all discouragement, against all preconceived notions, for year after year. Had Mitchell followed the beaten path, he would have made a great deal more money. He preferred the truth—and so saved the homes of this country from the all-out destruction that Goering had intended as his greatest achievement. An air-hammering that was to beat us to our knees.

When the Spitfire went into squadron service it was armed with eight fixed Browning .303 machine-guns, firing outside the arc of the propeller, at a combined rate of 10,250 rounds per minute.

What this means in combat can be judged by the remark of an Australian pilot when he was asked what he thought about a new gun sight.

"Sights!" he said. "I never use 'em. I just fly up the Jerries' tail, press the button, and fly through the bits."

True, there were between three and four Hurricanes for every Spitfire in the Battle of Britain, but it is admitted that without the Spitfire the Hurricanes would have been easy meat for the undeniably faster German fighter cover.

The warning call given by the German pilots was not "Achtung! Hurrikan!" It was "Achtung! Schpitfeuer!"—and for a very good reason.

Throughout the Battle of Britain it was our policy to send Hurricanes in to break up the German bomber formations, while Spitfires tackled the German fighter cover flying high above.

At this time the Germans were using three main types of bombers—the Ju.88 (maximum speed 317 m.p.h.), the early version of the Do.215 (312 m.p.h.) and the Heinkel III (275 m.p.h.). These were protected by three main fighter types—the Me.109 (350 m.p.h.), the Me.110 two-seater, twin



engined, cannon-firing fighter (365 m.p.h.), and the rarer Heinkel 113 (380 m.p.h.).

Against these we had the Hawker Hurricane Mk. I (335 m.p.h.) and the Supermarine Spitfire Mk. I (367 m.p.h.).

It will be seen that whereas our Hurricanes could pick off the bombers and tear up their formations, they needed protection from the German fighters who were waiting to pounce on any interceptors. The Spitfires gave them that protection. It was fast enough to keep pace, and it could out-maneuvre, out-climb and out-gun all of them.

Nor was the actual fighting our only worry. We could not tackle the problem of interception by the system of standing patrols, as this was too wasteful in fuel and flying time.

We used radiolocation, until then untried in warfare. The system adopted was to plot the enemies' course by radiolocation, and then to direct our intercepting forces by radiotelephone from their respective group or sector controls.

The percentage of successful interception by this method was estimated at 30-50 per cent. in 1939. In actual practice, 75 per cent. and even 95 per cent. was achieved. Since 1940, vastly improved methods of interception, based on radiolocation, have been evolved.

On September 15th, 1940—the "Great Day"—we shot down 185 aircraft. Squadrons from the famous Nos. 11, 10 and 12 Groups intercepted the Luftwaffe formations, usually flying in Vics (V formation), and heard the by then rather windy Jerries calling to each other over the wireless 'phone, "Achtung! Schpitfeuer! Achtung!"

For the subsequent evolution of the Spitfire, credit is largely due to Mr. Joseph Smith, now Chief Designer to the Vickers-Armstrong Company.

Improvement followed improvement; there were modifications for special jobs; tropical versions, Seafires, fighter-bombers. And wherever the Spitfire went it won.

Most widely used and best known is the Spitfire Mk. 9. This fighter is powered by the sensational 1,520 h.p. two-stage two-speed supercharged Merlin 61 engine, with inter-cooler, and four-bladed Rotol

constant speed airscrew to absorb the extra power. Consequently this fighter maintains its performance up to 40,000 feet!

Its maximum speed is in the neighbourhood of 420 m.p.h. It is one of the fastest fighters of the Allied Air Forces. The nose is longer to contain the Merlin 61, and there are two radiators, one under each wing. The extra radiator cools the intercooler. This remarkable gadget cools the air after it has passed through the supercharger, and thereby ensures efficient firing of the fuel mixture. Armament consists of two 20mm. cannon and four .303 Browning machine-guns. It is used extensively to provide height cover for Allied bombers. Other alterations include pointed rudder and redesigned bulged cockpit cover, which gives the pilot a better view.

Some Fleet Air Arm squadrons are equipped with this fighter. It is the fastest carrier fighter in existence.

The refinements carried out on the Merlin engines will be better appreciated if it is realised that the original Merlin gave 800 h.p., whereas the Merlin 61 has more than doubled this output, with very little increase in weight and overall dimensions, and no increase in the size of its cylinders. Each of the 12 cylinders in the Merlin 61 gives more than 130 h.p.!

The Spitfire Mk. XI, news of which has only recently been released, has operated throughout 1943 as a high-altitude photographic reconnaissance plane.

It is the fastest plane of its type in the world, being powered with the Rolls-Royce Merlin 63 or 63A. Its auxiliary fuel tanks in the leading edges of the wings enable it to spend 45 minutes over a target as far away as Berlin and return safely. It has been flown on sorties covering a distance of 1,200 miles. Its speed is in excess of 450 m.p.h. It is equipped for work in all climates, having a temperate or tropical air intake under the nose, and a retractable tail wheel.

The latest Spitfire of which news is released is the Mk. 12 low-altitude fighter, powered with the new Rolls-Royce Griffon engine. This plane is a team-mate of the Spitfire 9 fighting at the other end of the altitude scale.

Employing the mechanically driven two-speed supercharger of the Merlin 20, it has a new innovation in the form of a "remote" gear-box used to operate the undercarriage retraction gear, wheel brakes, flaps, and other power-operated devices. It has a single radiator and small intake, as on the Mk. 5. The spinner is enlarged, and there are two bulges on top of the cowlings.

The 12-cylinder, liquid cooled V-type Griffon engine develops over 2,000 h.p. Its piston displacement of 36.7 litres, compared with the Merlin's 27 litres, has the same dimensions as the R-type Rolls-Royce engine which won the Schneider Trophy for England in 1931. Ever since the days of 1940 "our finest hour"—the Spitfire has been called "the Queen of the Air."

To-day the title still holds good.

Wherever she is flown, the Spitfire reigns—unbeaten—unbeatable. Thanks to Mitchell.

Home Town News

MRS. MARTHA SMITH, who died recently, aged 101, was Southampton's oldest—and boldest—inhabitant.

During the blitzes on the town in 1940-41 she lived alone in her neat little house in Bernard-street, on the fringe of Southampton's dockland, refusing all appeals to her to move to a place of safety.

"Evacuate? Never! Not for Hitler and all his bombs," she declared defiantly. "I'm staying right here." And she did.

This fearless little woman was the daughter of a seafarer. She was twice married, both times to seagoers, and after the death of her first husband she went to sea herself as a stewardess on the Cape service.

Her courage has been inherited by her family, and here is the record to prove it:—

Her daughter, Mrs. Daisy Marriott, of Oliver-road, Swaythling, Southampton, received the Royal Humane Society's Certificate for saving a boy from drowning, when she was 40.

Two of her grandsons—both of them sons of Mrs. Marriott by her first marriage—hold the British Empire Medal.

Herbert Street, who is deaf and dumb, received the medal for "admirable services"

rendered as a part-time air raid warden during the blitzes on the town.

His younger brother, Arthur Street, a ship's assistant steward, was awarded his decoration a few months later for "great courage and devotion to duty" when his ship, the famous "Empress of Britain," was bombed and sunk in 1940. He saved a number of his shipmates who were trapped in the blazing liner.

SEA-BED "AWARD."

LIEUT. H. BEVIS, R.N., has sent home to his wife, who is living with her parents, Major and Mrs. P. St. George, at Brownhill-road, Chandler's Ford, Hants, a medal.

He "won it"—with about a hundred exactly like it—when he made a descent in a diving suit to the bottom of the Mediterranean, between Tunis and Bizerta, to examine a sunken Italian ship.

The medals—part of a large consignment which never reached its destination—were apparently struck in anticipation of a German-Italian victory in North Africa, which never materialised.

On one side of the medal, two Herculean figures—presumably Germany and Italy—are shown strangling a dragon—maybe Britain. But the dragon wouldn't lie down!

Proof of Pudding

A.B. Richard
Sharman

WHEN our reporter called at 1 Woodlands-road, Brixton, A.B. Richard George Sharman, Toots was washing up, the gang having just finished tea. Peter meowed a greeting. Peg has just returned from Winchester. She reports plenty of Yanks, but no beer. While away, she chummed up with a lad in the Fleet Air Arm.

The Professor has just painted yellow what used to be your bike, and he says for 2s. 6d. an hour he'll consider letting you ride it.

Many a time Mum and Dad have a Scotch out of the cup

you won. There is a bottle of the best carefully protected from flood, fire and earthquake.

Your Christmas pudding looked so tempting that one day the worms started to bite, and the family just had to eat it.

Never mind. Mum's got four new-laid eggs and some fruit, and she's making another one in case the whisky gets lonely.

Your parents' wedding anniversary came round on the 13th September. Just fancy (said Mum)—22 years, 21 of which have been blighted by you! She added, however, that they're used to taking it on the chin and so are still smiling.

From Mum, Dad and the gang the message to you is: Good luck, and God bless you.



Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

Lovely Scheherazade wins her Bet!

WHEN Scheherazade finished the story of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp the Sultan of the Indies indicated that he had been very much delighted at the recital, not only with this tale of marvels, but also with the other tales with which she had soothed his nights.

Scheherazade, indeed, had done more than interest the Sultan. She had, by her narratives, preserved the virtue of her self and her sister, Dinarzade; and also preserved their lives too.

But a change had come over the Sultan during the recitals. At first he had been inclined to listen with a vague interest. Now he listened with profound satisfaction, and waited every night for Scheherazade to begin.

He wondered if the wonderful tale of Aladdin had exhausted the story-teller's ability. He was soon

convinced otherwise. Scheherazade, seeing that the tales had given him pleasure, was highly gratified, yet confessed modestly that what she had told had gone well towards depleting her store of entertainment.

The Sultan, however, encouraged her to go on telling him such adventures as had so intrigued him, and having thus got his consent, Scheherazade, on the following night, was ready to continue.

First she told him of the amazing incidents that befel the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, and his grand vizier, Giafar, who used to perambulate Bagdad at night, disguised and unknown. This took many nights to relate, and only increased the Sultan's delight.

Then she told him the famous story of the blind man, Baba Abdalla, and followed this up with the thrilling tale of Ala Baba and the Forty Thieves who were destroyed by a slave.

After that came the exciting story of Sidi Nonman, which was followed by the many instalments of the tale of Ali Cogia, the merchant of Bagdad; and the story of Prince Ahmed and the Fairy, Pari Banou. And, after these were ended, came the story of Cogia Hassan Alhabbal, and many others.

The THOUSAND and ONE NIGHTS



towards removing the Sultan's unhappy prejudice against women.

He had sworn to have a bride every night and to behead each one the next morning, as a lesson for the infidelity of his sultaness. Instead he had listened with rapture to the stories that stirred him greatly. His temper was softened.

He now admired the prodigious and inexhaustible memory of Scheherazade, and the fidelity of her sister, Dinarzade.

He was convinced of the merit and great wisdom of Scheherazade. He remembered with what courage she had herself voluntarily exposed herself to be in the position of a wife to him, without fearing the death to which she knew she subjected herself, as others had done before her.

These considerations weighed heavily with the Sultan. He saw that she was brimful of good qualities, and he felt that he must forgive her for her qualities and for herself.

On the Thousand and First night he therefore, instead of asking her to continue her stories, spoke gently to her.

I see, lovely Scheherazade, he said, that you can never be at a loss for these sort of stories which have so diverted me. You have appeased my anger. I freely renounce, in your favour, the cruel law I had imposed.

I restore you completely to my favour, and will have you looked upon as the deliverer of the many damsels I had resolved to sacrifice to my unjust resentment.

The answer which Scheherazade gave to this magnanimous speech of the Sultan was to cast herself at his feet, and embrace them tenderly, with all the marks of the most lovely and perfect gratitude.

The Sultan then sent for his grand vizier and acquainted him with the news from the royal mouth itself.

The vizier, being the father of Scheherazade, was agreeably affected by this demonstration of favour and bowed low in thankfulness.

The information that Scheherazade was to be the new sultaness was published far and wide and carried to every city, town and province of the Sultan's dominions.

There was great rejoicing everywhere; and the Sultan and his new consort, Scheherazade, were received with universal applause and the blessings of all the people of the large Empire of the Indies.

They lived long and happily, honoured and revered, in the midst of a loyal multitude of subjects, and their names remain to this day as the greatest of rulers.

END

The surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling.
Douglas Jerrold.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Blimey! You're tellin' me. That shell dropped too ruddy close to be comfortable!"

QUIZ for today

1. A bullace is a young bull, mohair boot-lace, wild plum, American python, fresh-water fish?
2. What is the difference between (a) Bora, and (b) D.O.R.A.?
3. What is the middle Book in the Old Testament?
4. What is the longest river in England?
5. Who wrote, "If music be the food of love, play on"?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Impend, Impeed, Impell, Impeach, Impannel, Impail.

Answers to Quiz in No. 478

1. Fossil.
2. (a) Is a wind which blows in the Sudan, (b) is a part of New York.
3. To measure musical time.
4. Between N. Rhodesia and Tanganyika.
5. Salt Lake City.
6. Smale.

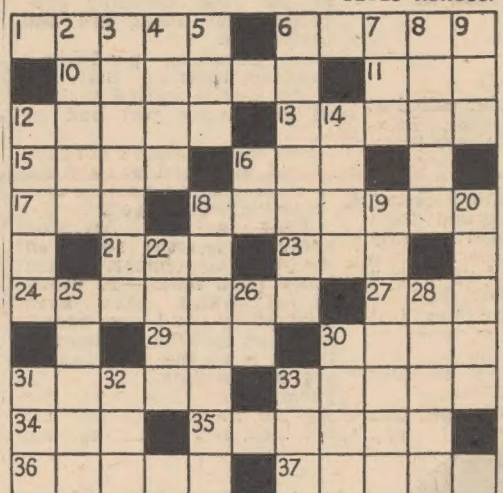
Odd-But True

A densely packed herd of buffaloes was reported by early American hunters to have been sighted on the Western prairies stretching for 200 miles in one direction and 300 miles the other—half the size of England.

Painter, sculptor, architect, musician, poet, engineer, philosopher, mathematician, inventor and scientist—Leonardo da Vinci excelled at all these. Moreover, this superman was exceedingly strong and handsome.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



- 1 Deer.
- 6 Musical instrument.
- 10 Lipped glass.
- 11 Mineral.
- 12 Bright flower.
- 13 Truncheon.
- 15 Va'n.
- 16 Wild fruit.
- 17 Climber.
- 18 Means of entrance.
- 21 Vehicle.
- 23 Adze.
- 24 Clover.
- 27 Pointed tool.
- 29 Behave.
- 30 Clip.
- 31 Monetary gain.
- 33 Gay sales.
- 34 Past.
- 35 Increases.
- 36 Trivial.
- 37 Cover with drops.

CLUES DOWN.

- 2 Dwelling place.
- 3 Succeed.
- 4 Linen strip.
- 5 Hit high.
- 6 Curved.
- 7 Reached.
- 8 Scent.
- 9 Northamptonshire river.
- 12 Small bird.
- 14 Tip.
- 16 Cry of surprise.
- 18 Shop trade.
- 19 Tired.
- 20 Dog's cries.
- 22 At a distance.
- 25 Cosmetic.
- 26 Pronoun.
- 28 Not so good.
- 30 Box.
- 31 Drink.
- 32 Sleeping place.
- 33 Lie.

WINDBAG
CRAN REGIME
CURDS DEVON
UNPICK DIRT
R TRUG NE
SPREAD EAGLE
LO GOLD G
HUMS SIRDAR
ASPIC DOUSE
CHERUB INKS
K DEPARTS S

WANGLING WORDS—418

1. Put free in BGE and get across with it.
2. Rearrange the following letters to make two European rivers: HENRI, LE ROI.
3. In the following six vessels the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 46W2, 46398, 5E839, 75211, 7920, 72440.
4. Find the four hidden English counties (abbreviations) in: The forest swarms with ants, not tse-tse flies, and when the deer have imbibed sufficient water they make off, the bucks leading the way.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 417

1. VALLEY.
2. ITCHEN, GREAT OUSE, SEVERN.
3. Keats, Blake, Browning, Southey.
4. Ced-ar, Can-a-ry.

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 4

1. Rearrange the following words to make a sentence, and then state if it is true or false: Clouds always if falls are the black sky the in rain there.
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? S, O, C, D, G, B, P, R, F.
3. When Fred said "Aeroplane," Bert said "Go to Jericho!" What word linked these two ideas in Bert's mind?
4. George has five friends. Tom, Bill and Dick are tall; Henry and Sam are short; Tom and Sam are fair; Dick, Bill and Henry are dark; Dick and Sam sometimes wear glasses, but Tom, Bill and Henry never do. Two of them call to see him, and the maid remembers that one of them is tall and wears glasses and the other is short and dark. Which of George's friends were they? (Answer in No. 480.)

Answers to Test in No. 478.

1. Diamond is a natural product, chemical element, harder than glass, crystalline, combustible, inflexible, rare, expensive, and not obtainable in sheets. Glass is none of these things.
2. "Speak" does not apply to animals; others do.
3. 54.
4. The meals at the reduced rate cost 8s. 4d. each, and the lunchers each paid this plus the shilling which they subsequently got back. Three times 9s. 4d. is 28s., which, with the waiter's 2s., equals 30s. The "missing" shilling was thus made up of the three odd fourpences, which were not allowed for.

Night after night thus passed away during which the Sultan of the Indies remained awake and eager to hear the final ending and never once did Scheherazade disappoint him.

Sometimes, indeed, when the Sultan showed signs of sleepiness, she suggested that the remainder of the story she was telling should be kept for the next night; and the Sultan would retire for a few hours' rest in order that he might be able to attend his meeting of councillors the next morning.

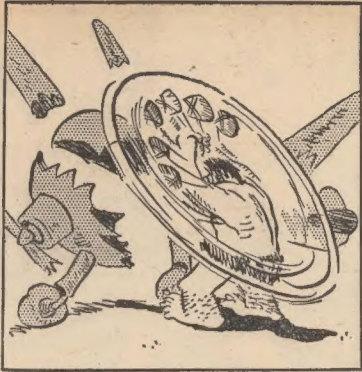
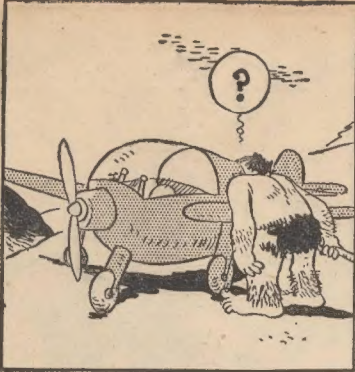
But as soon as he was free of the day's labours of state he would send for Scheherazade and her sister, and in the evening he would listen to the continuation.

The stories, indeed, continued for One Thousand and One Nights. All that time had been passed in this innocent amusement, and moreover, was a big contribution

JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



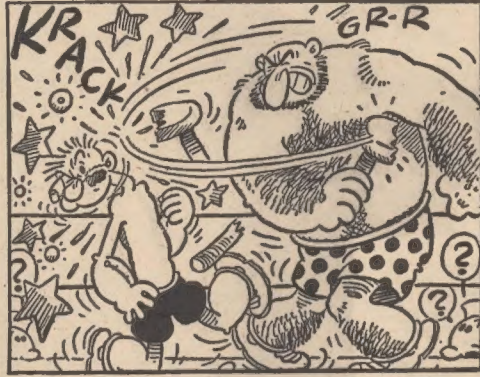
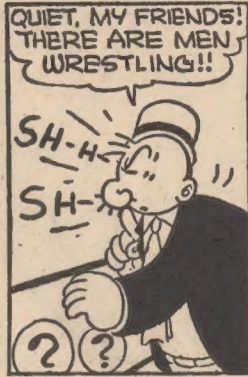
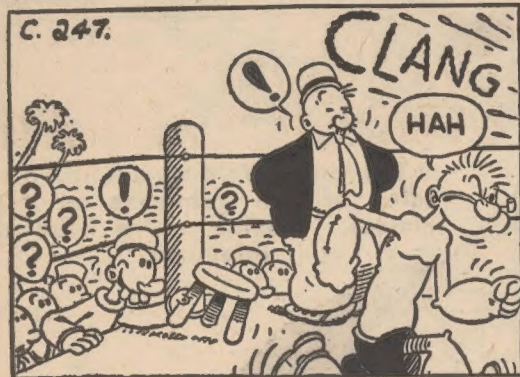
BELINDA



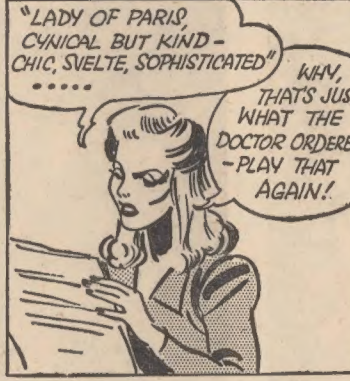
BELINDA AND DESMOND
HAVE DECIDED TO
RUN AWAY FROM
HIGHTOR HOUSE
AND GO TO
LONDON
TO EARN THEIR OWN
LIVING...



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



"Good Hunting"



DICK GORDON to-day brings you greetings from the Parisian cabaret star Michele de Lys. She says:—

To all submariners: I send my sincerest wishes and admiration to you who are so brave. Bonne chance!

MICHELE DE LYS.

THEY'RE QUICK ON THE DRAW (ARE DENTISTS)

Says GUY TEMPLE

DENTISTS are doing a grand job in this war, and it's rarely in "cushy" little surgeries behind the lines. Some of the most highly skilled dental surgeons and dental mechanics in "civvy street" are working for pay that wouldn't have paid their rent in the old days.

Dozens of dentists in uniform are prisoners of war to-day, and some of the lads behind barbed wire were mighty pleased to see them. To-day, the dentists take their place with the doctors in the most forward field medical units.

There is nothing improvised about their gear, either. When a man joins the Forces he can have his teeth brought to tip-top condition. Men who have been badly shotup have often been saved by the skill and resource of brilliant dentists working with plastic surgeons.

In the old days, before the discovery of anaesthetics, they simply hit the victim over the head with "a blunt instrument" and assaulted his jaws while he was unconscious.

The first fillings go back to the 16th century. A century later, Louis XIV found eating so painful that he submitted to some goldleaf fillings.

Artificial teeth in a crude form go back to the days of Ancient Rome, but one of the first false teeth in history astonished the world in 1693. People came from all over Germany to see a man who sported a gold tooth!

It is only in the last half-century that dentistry has really made rapid progress. Recently, in Soviet Russia, cows were fitted with false teeth to stop a cattle disease that was ravaging in the Voroshilovgrad district.

London dentists, in the early part of the last century, had surgeries like palaces, and it was nothing to be kept waiting four or five hours. One practitioner, called Cartwright, refused to visit even Dukes.



'DASH IT! PLAY THE GAME JEEVES! — THIS IS HARDLY CRICKET //

Good Morning

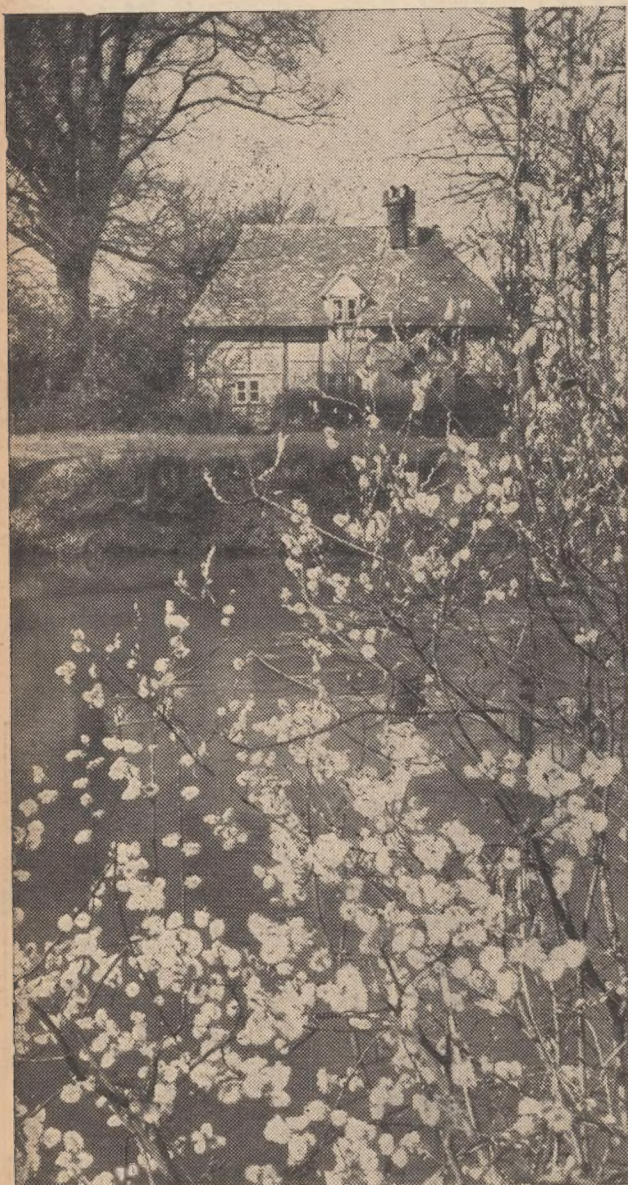


BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL

"Botheration! Who's meddled with that wheel again? Here's 'Eileen,' from the Windmill Theatre, wants to be broken on the wheel, and somebody's 'lifted' it. Run along, there's a good girl, and we'll write to you."



"Tut, tut! We'd always heard such tales of the goings-on at 'life' classes. Seems we've been misinformed."



This England

Spring comes to the Tillingbourne Valley, in Surrey — and one of the first signs is the bursting "pussy-willow."



"Hi, Ma! The gentleman from the Prudential has called, but there's something fishy about him."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Something fishy is just what I like for my tea."

